A

Morning's Meditation,

OR, A

DESCANT

ON THE

TIMES.

A

POEM.

By T. L.

------Silvis ubi paſſim,
Palantis error certo de tramite pellit,
Ille ſiniſtrorſum, hic dextrorſum abis, unus utrique
Error, ſed uarüs illudit partibus. HOR.

While mazy error draws mankind aſtray,
From truth's ſure path each takes his devious way;
One to the right, one to the left recedes,
Alike deluded as each fancy leads. ELPHINSTON's Tr.

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Morning's Meditation.

THE PREFACE.

THE following eſſay is the fruit of ſome ſolitary hours, penn'd and publiſh'd with a ſincere deſire for the reformation of the ſeveral claſſes of mankind, who are immers'd in vice and ſenſuality,—of the deſigning and knaviſh,—and the ſtability of every virtuous, and ingenuous perſon.

The manner in which I have thrown my thoughts together, ſeem'd to occur the moſt eaſy, and for ſome reaſons appeared to me the moſt eligible.

I am not ſo vain as to imagine my performance is free from inaccuracies; but ſuch errors as have either eſcaped my notice, or are beyond my weak abilities to amend, I hope my *Candid Reader* will correct and excuſe.

The perſon who ventures out on the public ſtage as an author, becomes of courſe ſubject to the varions criticiſms of his obſervers; the keen invectives of ſatire, and the poiſon'd arrows of envy, are illiberally dealt againſt his character and productions.—Theſe, I am prepared to receive with a contempt, due, to the efforts of malevolence; and at the ſame time, ſhall not forget to pay a proper reſpect and deference to the criticiſms of candour and ingenuity.

The poem before you, contains, neither the Life, nor Opinions of Triſtam Shandy, the Memoirs of a Gentleman of Pleaſure, or the Amours of a Lady of Quality.—A piece, I muſt confeſs, not ſo well adapted to the genius of the preſent age; an age, in which ſubjects, ſerious, important and intereſting, can ſcarce obtain a hearing, are treated with indifference, and forgot, whilſt their authors are ridiculed as fools, or pitied as enthuſiaſts.

To treat of the Deity, his attributes, the relation we ſtand in to him, and the indiſpenſable obligation of ſocial and religious duties,—to excite conſiderations on the uncertainty of time, the certainty of death, and the awful approaching deciſion of infinite wiſdom and purity, with a certain claſs of

of mankind, are deemed enthuſiaſtic ſpeculations, and idle reveries:—the certain ſpecimens of either ignorance, a heated zeal, or of incurable madneſs.——A claſs, who, to avoid the extreme of ſuperſtition and fanaticiſm, have incautiouſly run into another ſtill more alarming and dangerous, from the borders of Implicit Faith to the confines of Infidelity, from a falſe heated zeal to the coldeſt indifference, and from the auſterities of a penance to the moſt relaxed licentious indulgence.—Be ours to walk in the happy medium of truth, and of right reaſon; the medium between the zeal-leſs and zealot, or indifference and preſumption, and let the deluded of both extremes become the objects of our pity, and be remembered in our prayers.

You of every rank, degree, and circumſtance in life, into whoſe hand this may fall, as rational and accountable beings, improve the few, fleeting moments of your continuance in this mode of exiſtence, in matters of infinite conſequence; conſider ſeriouſly the important buſineſs of life, acquaint yourſelves with the various branches of a Chriſtian's duty, and diſcharge them with integrity.

Remember time is ſhort—life altogether uncertain—and that death is inevitable.——The time is approaching, when the ſable mantle of affliction will be caſt over all the pomp of a court, the glitter of a ball, and the ludicrous ſcenes of a comedy.—The period—the awful period is haſtening, when from life will be exhauſted all its balm, and from terreſtrial objects their power of pleaſing—when every enjoyment will become inſipid, except the complacent notice of *uncreated excellence*, the teſtimony of a good *conſcience*, and the aſſurance of a happy futurity. Devote then your days, ſhould they be few or many, to the ſervice of *Him*, who hath called us to glory and virtue.—Let not the inchanting ſcene of illuſive pleaſures, the influence of bad example, or the incitement of the libertine, prevail on you to run with the heedleſs multitude to do evil; walk penſive with the few on the ſide of virtue, acquit yourſelves as men, and as Chriſtians, and the lot of your inheritance will be with the juſt;—for, *Verily there is a reward for the righteous, verily there is a God who judgeth the earth.*

A well-wiſher to all Mankind,

T. L.

A DESCANT ON THE TIMES.

THE clock ſtrikes five---the fiery orb appears;
He ſeems t'emmerge, as from the briny deep,
Juſt gilds the hoary brow of yon high mount,
Darts lucid gleams throughout the atmoſphere,
And bids depart, the ſhadows of the night.
At his command they flee the firmament;
Then, for a moment, haunt the deep receſs
Of arched valleys, groves, and leafy woods;

Now, higher riſen, 'nihilates the gloom---
Drowns ancient night in fartheſt weſtern ſeas.

The flow'ry mead, the ſhrub, the quick-ſet hedge,
Spread o'er with Heaven's dew, in luſtre vies
With orient gems; ſo chriſtalline the drops:
No cloud is ſeen, throughout the wide expanſe
Of Heaven's arched vault; the vapour denſe
Aſcending from the valleys, marſhy ſwamps,
Sol's rays, obliquely glancing, diſſipate.

Now, let me labour up th' acclivity
Of yonder eminence, and there recline
Upon the verdant ridge, baſk in the blaze
The genial heat inſpire, and feel the glow
Of Sol's refulgent rays glide thro' my veins---
Correct the languor of my quiv'ring pulſe,
Exhilerate my ſpirits, ſinking, ſunk
By cruel hectic, colliquative ſweats.

The ſteep now gain'd, the pleaſing landſcape opes---
A variegated ſcene's diſclos'd to view,
Of hills, of dales, of woods, of ſmiling meads,
And interſpers'd with riv'lets, meand'rous ſtreams.

See,

See, what large herds of cattle, ſpread around
With bags diſtended by ſalubrious juice,
Lowing, impatient wait the loitering ſwain
To eaſe them of a full, *ſpring*, milky tide!
The feather'd ſpecies, hop from ſpray to ſpray;
Or, perch'd on th' higheſt branch of lofty elms,
Or on the pliant hazel twig, adjuſt
Their variegated plumes in neat arrange,
And hail the morn with ſongs of gratitude.
Th' aſpiring lark, her matin anthem thrills
High in the aerial ſpace, beyond my ken,
Loſt in the blaze of Sol's refulgent beams;
Not out of hearing, her melodious ſong,
Soft tun'd, more grateful than the violins,
Deſcending lights upon m'attentive ear;
The inſpiration of her tuneful lay
My mind, ſo much depreſs'd beneath the load
Of complicate diſeaſe, exhilerates.

O! how my ſoul's enraptur'd! what a ſcene,
Diverſified around, now ſtrikes my eye;
My ear, what melody---e'en nature ſeems
To raiſe my ſoul to thoughts refin'd, ſublime,
Of the grand *cauſe*. But O! how weak the powers

Of

Of human reaſon! the moſt enlarg'd ideas
Frail mortals form, or ſeraphs can attain,
Are infinitely ſhort of God's perfections---
His attributes! O what a vaſt profound!
Hark! Moſes hints his power! proclaims his praiſe*!

The world in chaos---without form, and void---
When darkneſs envelop'd the *formleſs* maſs---
Ere man, or beaſt, or fiſh, or reptile liv'd,
Th' Almighty *fiat ſpoke*; then, order ſprang
From drear confuſion; beauty, out of *void.*

Let there be light---in th' eaſt, the windows op'd---
The grand, primœval day began to dawn;
And there was light---he plac'd the firmament---
The atmoſphere---impos'd on matter laws.
The ſun, the moon, the ſtarry myriads form'd,
Aſſign'd their ſpheres in wiſdom conſummate,
Deſcrib'd their ample circuit, bad them whirl
With motion uniform, the round immenſe.

Behold! on fair creation's wrote, *A God!*
Throughout the ſcale of beings animate!

* GENESIS, CHAP. I.

Lo!

Throughout all nature's ſcene inanimate!
Lo! every ſpecies, genus, bears his name,
In characters divine 'tis ſtrong impreſs'd;
E'en, legible to Reaſon's cloudy eye;
So plain, that we may even *Run and Read*
*His power, his godhead; we're without excuſe**.

O thou

---

* The ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal ſky
And ſpangled heaven's, a ſhining frame,
Their great original proclaim;
Th' unwearied ſun, from day to day,
Does his creator's power diſplay,
And publiſhes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
Soon as the evening ſhades prevail
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And, nightly, to the liſt'ning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth,
Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.
What tho', in ſolemn ſilence, all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball;
What tho', nor real voice, nor ſound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found,
In reaſon's ear they all rejoice
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging, as they ſhine,
"The hand that made me is divine."

ADDISON.

O thou ſupreme, all-wiſe, ſufficient God---
Cauſe, unoriginate! to contemplate
The effects of *wiſdom*, power, in ſpheres above
Th' azure, wide, immenſurable ſpace
Of ether; or, the grand diſplay, beneath,
Of power, and wiſdom---feeble reaſon bows
In humble admiration---*What is man!*
Wilt thou regard him! wilt thou deign to ſtoop
To his infirmities---to notice man---
A humbling thought---thou haſt, thou can'ſt, thou wilt.
For MAN, Immanuel, bled on Calvary!
For MAN, a bloody ſweat, bedew'd his brow!

The creation is a perpetual feaſt to the mind of a good man; every thing he ſees, chears and delights him; providence has imprinted ſo many ſimiles on nature, that it is impoſſible for a mind which is not ſunk in mere groſs and ſenſual delights, to take a ſurvey of them, without ſeveral ſecret ſenſations of pleaſure.

SPECTATORS, V. 5. N°. 398.

The body of an animal is an object adequate to our ſenſes; it is a particular ſyſtem of providence, that lies in a narrow compaſs. The eye is able to command it, and by ſucceſſive enquiries can ſearch into all its parts; could the body of the whole earth, or indeed the whole univerſe, be thus ſubmitted to the examination of our ſenſes, were it not too big and diſproportionate to our enquiries, too unwieldy for the management of the eye and hand, there is no queſtion but it would appear to us as curious and well-contriv'd, as that of an human body; we ſhould ſee the ſame beauty in all and every of its parts, as what we diſcover in the body of every ſingle animal.

SPECTATOR.

For

For MAN, he cry'd, *Lama Sabacthani!*
For MAN, he liv'd, he died!---what love is this!
Does man deſpiſe him! daring folly this!
And, has he bled in vain! the *queſtion*, this,
Our duty, int'reſt, urge to aſk ourſelves---
Our all's at ſtake; be ſerious; let's enquire---
But oh! lamentable! ſo vain is man,
Hot in purſuit of riches, fame, or power,
Forgets, the buſineſs which demands diſpatch;
The moſt momentous buſineſs of his life;
On which unfading glory does depend,
Drops, in his thoughts, enduing ſubſtance, and
Hunts, fondly, Phantom's train; illuſive joys:
Till, or affliction's ſchool, the death-bed ſhews
His fatal error, by th' approach of woe.
What numbers are there---now, within the walls
Of yon great city, ſunk below the brute,
(Nor can the learned Johnſon coin a word
Too mean, expreſſive of nor man nor beaſt)
Inebriated with nectareous juice
Kind providence to man, to cheer him, gave,
Miſus'd, has prov'd his bane, now ſnoring lays
On the ſoft pillow; on the downy plumes;
Of God forgetful---loſt to all that's good,

To

To reaſon dead, and dead to common ſenſe,
And dead to ſhame, or live to glory in't,
E'en rebels to their nature, and their God.

Awake, ye ſons of ſloth! ye epicures!
See! all the tribes, to man ſubordinate,
Proclaim your folly, loudly deal to you
Reproof, keen pointed; hear! the ox, the aſs
Upbraids you---all creation cenſures man.

Come, O ye epicures! ye, worldlings, come
And leave the bed of lewdneſs; leave the bowl,
Cotemporaries all, in age, and vice,
Aſcend this hill, let the adult'rers eye,
Half ope, give but a glance on yonder ſcene,
Attend to *th' honeſt inſtinct* in the birds,
Reflect on nature, then on providence;---
Reflect on th' order in the univerſe---
The ſun, the moon, the ſtars, ſtupendous orbs!---
The various genus of the plants ſpread o'er
The ſurface of the earth; the various tribes
Of animals, of reptiles, inſect tribes,
Unnumber'd as the ſands, or deep immur'd
Beneath the turf, or, furniſh'd with the wing

Attenuated,

Attenuated, mount the air, traverſe
In millions, in the fluid atmoſphere;
Then, on the dignity deſign'd for man.

—Shall man, high plac'd, at head of creatures here,
Firſt on the liſt of beings viſible
Beneath the ſkies, *but little lower than*
An angel made, deſign'd to reign as king
O'er all inferior beings in the world,
Or ſpecies in creation, what! ſhall he
His ſtation quit, deſcend beneath the brutes!
Shall man! oh ſhocking! form'd for happineſs
For glory, honour, immortality,
Created free, endu'd with reaſon too,
Powers intellectual, to read, to trace,
In nature's mighty volume, his own heart---
In every thing he ſees, a cauſe ſupreme---
(A ſelf-ſufficient, wiſe, Almighty God:)
Who knows his ſtation, does, or may, the end
Deſign'd by his creation; free, to think,
Compare, reflect, inveſt with power to act
The part becoming his ſuperior rank,
Forget his dignity, forget his place,
Turn traitor 'gainſt his int'reſt and his god,

Degrade his nature, and degrade his name;
Invert his laws; ſtand forth in arms againſt
A God, his providence, and 'gainſt himſelf?
O what a pity! is it then his caſe
Exiſts, that man, ſo ſtupid and ſo blind,
An high born heir of glory! has he ſold
His birthright for a fulſome *meſs* of ſenſe?

— There is---a mournful truth! traverſe the ſtreets
On yon metropolis---of young and old,
Degree and ſex, or high or low in life,
Deluded victims, bound with chains of ſenſe---
Bond-ſlaves to luſtful paſſions, pleaſures ſtil'd,
Feaſt there the eye, the ear; there ev'ry crave
Of grov'ling appetite employs their thoughts;
Their heads, their hands, their time, more precious far
Than all the treaſure of the univerſe!
Than all the tinſels of an Eaſtern court!
The empty pleaſures of an empty world,
Though canoniz'd by cuſtom and levees.
Are theſe the pleaſures? does the dazzling glare
Of terrene objects, momentary joys,
Amuſements vain, of toys theatrical,
The intellectual eye of reaſon blind,

Invert

Invert man's ideas, and, retund his thoughts,
Obſcure the laws of reaſon, laws of God,
Shew vice as virtue, and as virtue vice;
Phantoms for men, for ſubſtance ſhadows ſhew:
Height of deluſion; deluſion this the worſt;
Power abus'd, the light of conſcience ſhunn'd,
The fatal cauſe of ſuch inſanity?
Nor phyſical; it is a moral cauſe.
Who, will confront me, or, who dare pretend
They follow nature, when they break her laws,
Their conſcience violate, and heaven charge
For want of power---O! let me here addreſs
The men of pleaſure; men, in vice grown grey,
In age but youths---in vice decrepid, old,
Oe'r whom their baneful influence poppies ſhed,
Till in lethargic ſtupor, ſunk---a death
To all that's worthy man's rememberance.

Awake ye ſluggards! 'wake at Heaven's call,
E're death, with ſure tho' ſilent ſtep, intrude---
Break up your dream with his terrific ſhock,
And hurl you, trembling, down the dreadful ſteep,
From Folly's giddy heights to ſhades beneath,
To meet your recompence for powers abus'd.

Trace

Trace back the path you have trod in life, recall
The yesterday, the years expir'd, the time,
In idea, when, the blush of innocence,
And modesty with crimson grac'd the cheek,
E'en, at the mention of those vices which
An after-boldness, with a smile, indulg'd.
Were youthful passions 'waken'd by a lure?
What voice forbad it, then? what fear possess'd
The very soul in th' interval, the pause
'Ere bias's'd will was seconded by act?
Reason forbad it, Conscience gave a twitch.
Was not truth's language---O! my son, refrain---
All unregarded, headlong rush'd the youth,
As horses to the siege, or battle plunge,
Unheeding death, from various engines dealt;
Timid, at first they consecrated shades
T'indulge the foul, flagitious, wanton lust---
In privacy the new-born vice was rais'd;
Familiariz'd, stalk'd boldly by their sides
In open day-light, unabash'd appeard;
Star'd virtue out of countenance; she hid
Her modest face; she blushed red for them
Who, dead to shame, forgot to blush themselves.

But

But, whither do I rove? my penſive ſoul,
Her powers employ'd by ſuch momentous themes,
Has left my feet to wander 'thout a guide;
A riv'let's limpid ſtream recalls my thoughts;
What ſhade is that reflected? 'tis my own!
But rude, imperfect, this, external form.
Reflection, in, the lucid mental ſtream
Of peerleſs truth, unruffled by the wind
Of paſſions turbulent---preſents a form
Expreſſive, perfect, and inſtructive too---
The *moral* ſhade of man, exhibits plain;
'Tis, reaſon's mirror, and a virtue here,
To view the image riſing in the *glaſs*;
Diſcriminate its features, mark its faults.
This, if neglected, ſelf's an odious ſight
Deform'd by pride, and blacken'd deep with vice.
The garb we dreſs in for the public view,
Of honour, honeſty---a pompous form,
Cannot conceal in clear reflection's glaſs,
The darling vice---the ſcheme iniquitous,
Or, latent evil purpoſe of the ſoul,
The inmoſt form ariſes full in view;
Delineated by the ableſt hand---
The ſteady hand of truth, the pencil guides,

And draws a perfect portrait of the man:
Reflection! 'tis, a very hell to fools,
They, beg redemption of the neareſt toy.
Amuſement ſeems, to alleviate the pain
Of keen, vibrating truth's, convictive ſtroke;
Or, for a moment poignant thoughts prevent;
Gives Fancy wings, ſhe mounts the æreal ſpace,
Builds caſtles there, ideally connect;
Above a God---above his providence.

O! what a ſight! ſee, how the fopling ſtruts!
A conſequential air, his tete, his hands
And back aſſumes, his feet Italic gait,
Beneath the cane's head graſps his hand, to ſhew
The naked, emboſs'd imagery, there.
Bid him reflect---his hand's upon his ſword;
A man of *honour*, nor can brook affronts:
Reaſon has left him; he is worſe than mad.
O! thou vain mortal, emmet of a day;
What, art thou proud? doſt look down with diſdain
On all beneath thee? Beneath, did I ſay?
There's not a ſoul beneath thee in the world;
Perch'd on the point of *mode*, haſt thou forgot,
Or ever learnt, the buſineſs of a man?

Or, that of ſins, pride's one, and bears the palm?
A ſin 'gainſt God, as well as common ſenſe.
Reflect, and meet thy naked heart alone!

What various baubles, empty, glittering toys,
Delude the human ſoul, and captivate
Her noble faculties; the heart of man,
That, ought be dedicated to the Lord;
A temple ſacred to the Holy Ghoſt!
What various idols fill * *from all his thoughts!*
A God, a providence, is baniſh'd; what,
Amazing ſtupor lulls the ſons of men,
Intoxicated with a glut of traſh!
Luſts are their gods, and luſts they ſerve, adore:
Like filthy ſwine, ſome wallow in the mire,
Of fouleſt vices, and prefer it too;
Like filthy ſwine they rake the jakes of luſt,
Their eyes are fix'd---are center'd in the earth---
Voracious, pall unnatural appetites.
Beneath the fruitful *tree* of providence,
Pleas'd with *effects*, call'd *adventitious* fruit;
'Tis *fortuitous* ideas fill their brains.

* PSALMS, 10.

Come

Come! ev'ry man, who rev'rences a *God*---
Reveres his laws---makes them his rule of life,
Manhood lay 'ſide, let us, as children weep,
They, for their toys, let us, for ſubſtance weep;
Licentiouſneſs, exulting in the land,
Spreads blackeſt horrour "*darkneſs to be felt*;"
Darkneſs, more denſe, than fill'd a guilty land*,
When, groſs idolatry in triumph reign'd;
And ſheds a living terror on the ſoul.
See, *Vice* ſo daring, walks the open ſtreet,
And ſtrumpet like ſtares virtue in the face;
Defying law---in face e'en of the ſun;
Vices to think of, make me even bluſh,
To write of more, they make me tremble too.
The Engliſh genius, not enough acute,
To coin freſh ***** equal to the taſte---
The cravings of our modern appetite,
Our ports are open'd---earth is ranſack'd o'er;
Exotics are imported duty free;
Here, they improve, though not their native ſoil;
High they aſpire, with wide extended branch,
Reach from the C**** to cots of ſimple ſwains,
Shade budding virtues, and prevent their bloom.

---

* EGYPT.

Brutes

Brutes are outvied, the * Hottentots would bluſh,
Could they imagine, much more ſee the ſcenes
Of vicious pleaſures in this Britiſh Iſle,
Inverting Nature's laws---men living here
Without a God, without a ſenſe of ſhame;
Merely for ſake of empty life they live;
E'en ſhorten the ſhort ſpan which Heaven gives,
By luxury---and Epicurean feaſts.
The gaming table, brothel, **********,
Plays, operas, the bottle, flowing bowls,
Their ſouls diſtract---(diſtraction is their joy)
Fill up their waking moments, haunt their dreams,
The iron ſinew melt, unnerve the man.

---

* They are eminently diſtinguiſhed for many virtues; as their mutual benevolence, friendſhip and hoſpitality; they breathe kindneſs and good will to one another; and ſeek all opportunities of obliging. Is a Hottentot's aſſiſtance required by one of his countrymen, he runs to give it; is his advice aſked, he gives it with ſincerity; is his countryman in want, he relieves him to the utmoſt of his power: their hoſpitality extends even to European ſtrangers. In travelling through the Cape countries, you meet with a cheerful and open reception, in whatſoever village you come to. In ſhort, the integrity of the Hottentots, their ſtrictneſs and celerity in the execution of juſtice, and their chaſtity, are equalled by few nations.

Numbers of theſe people have given it as a reaſon for their not hearkening to Chriſtianity, "that they were hindered by the envy, avarice, luſt and injuſtice, which they ſaw ſo prevalent amongſt thoſe who profeſs it."

PETER HOLBEN, VOL. III. Page 349.

Huge edifices, groan our hoſpitals
Beneath the weight of riot, debauchees;
See, pile on pile, high tow'ring to the roof,
Of ev'ry age betraying ghaſtly forms,
Extended lay on foul diſeaſe's rack,
Emaciated, putrid, yet alive;
There---grim death reigns, in all his terrors cloth'd;
More dreadful ſtill---a *wounded* conſcience reigns,
Truth's bow, tight ſtrung, than iron ſtronger, drawn,
Sinks deep the poiſon'd arrows in the ſoul,
And baniſhes deluſive gleams of peace.

How many are there now, on beds of down,
Whoſe day nor night afford no glympſe of light,
The light of hope, to allay their mental rage,
Bear up the ſoul to mock diſeaſes rack,
And open proſpects to celeſtial ſpheres;
The *would be* Atheiſt's pomp and glory fades,
His manly courage---*caſual jumbling ſchemes*,
Now vaniſh as a vapour---he believes
The ſceptic's cloud of doubts are clear diſpell'd---
Life's evening curtain's drawn on every ſcene
Illuſive, and their Heaven now diſſolves;
Old fears revive, with double horror fraught,

Fears, grounded in convulsive aching, throbs
Of wounded conscience, rivetted remorse,
Whose torture constitutes a hell on earth.
A Hell! whose flames an ocean cannot quench,
A Hell! which the inebriating juice
Will still increase---a Hell! that is beneath
The reach of strong emetic's power to cleanse;
A pain the neareſt friend cannot abate,
Nor all invention's soothing opiates.

In this degen'rate age, what candid man,
Of virtuous principles, of virtuous life,
Can now forbear to shed unfeigned tears,
The torrent of licentious trash to view,
Thro' the abused medium of the Press,
Impetuous flowing o'er this British isle,
The few remaining seeds of virtue, left,
Contaminating --- novels, foul, obscene---
To see; O what a thought!---men prostitute
Distinguish'd *genius* in the cause of vice!---
By Heav'n favour'd to promote the cause
Of sacred virtue, clothed with the gown
And holy characters of P******, D******.

O thou

O thou irrev'rend *****, for ſhame put up,
Reſtrain thy foul, obſcene, licentious pen,
Nor more offend the ear of virtue with
That T--ſt-m S---dy libidinous ſtuff:
Strip off the gown, renounce thy ſacred claim;
Quit, quit the altar; hide thee in a *cave*,
And gird thy loins with *ſackcloth*;
On thy head ſtrew *aſhes*, them bewail the hurt
Thou'ſt done to Chriſt's cauſe---repent, repent;
In deep contrition waſh away thy guilt.

At ſuch a time, in this licentious age
O! what a pity! few---*too* few indeed,
Of thoſe, who write, *profeſſedly* to ſerve
The cauſe of virtue---to reform the world
(How ſhall I, now, repreſs the riſing ſigh---
Forbear to ſhed, a ſolemn tear of grief)
By good example, virtue's laws inforce---
Juſt ſentiments, by practices as juſt.
As brethren ought, in harmony ſhould live
Fair virtue's twins---(the Chriſtian's ornament)
United, hand in hand, ought travel on
Throughout the vale of time, faſt by our ſides,
Imparting mutual aid to virtue's cauſe

The

The learned lecture---th' elegant eſſay
Impotent, (ſingle) to effect the end
Of reformation; precept waits the aid,
Of bright examples powerful allure,
T' attract the attention of the giddy throng,
And regulate the *chaos* multitude.

But reaſon points to *Lambeth*---ſays, behold
A ſecond Tillotſon reſideth there;
His meekneſs, charity, exhibits plain
A bright example to the ſable *cloth*---
Amongſt the writers of the moral claſs,
She ſingles out a *Johnſon* from the *few*;
A giant genius---humble, yet erect---
A *Saul* amongſt his brethren appears,
As wiſe, as learn'd, as truly good as great.
Oh! modeſt *Johnſon*, thy unrivall'd pen
And moments few, the *glaſs of time* contains,
To virtue dedicate---O may thy *ſun*
Unclouded ſink beneath the horizon;
In good old age, may thy grey hairs deſcend
The ſilent grave---thy ſoul aſcend above---
To peaceful manſions in celeſtial ſpheres.
Kind Charity, who, always thinks the beſt,

Now whiſpers in my ear---inſpires a hope
Ingenious L--gh---e ſtands amongſt the few.

Ye men of conſcience, honeſt, virtuous men,
Of ev'ry name, ſociety, and claſs,
Who wail religion's ebb, low ebb indeed;
Who, trembling, view the ſwelling torrent pour'd,
That, pouring ſtill with unremitted ſpeed
Of open unabaſh'd licentiouſneſs,
Like a proud rapid current falling down
From giddy heights, (ſee the drear cataracts)
Falling it foams, the loud diſcordant roar
Strikes craggy mountains tow'ring to the clouds,
Reverberates a tremor all around,
Shocks human nature, placid reaſon too,
Lay manhood 'ſide, let us, as children weep;
They, for their toys, let us, for ſubſtance weep.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

PART

PART II.

WHILST I ſit muſing by this limpid ſtream,
The leafy hazels ſhade from piercing rays,
Here gentle zephyrs temperate the heat;
The purling rill, the diſtant water-fall,
Stills every paſſion rude, and ſpreads a calm
Solemnly pleaſing; the delightful ſcene,
Diverſified around, outvies the pomp,
The empty gew-gaws of the vain Beau-Monde.
O for a L--or--r, ſome otherfriend,
As true as they *unrotten* at the core,
Toſtray with me aſide the mazy ſtream,
Along the ſylvan groves or hazel copſe,
To ſhare the pleaſures of the gilded morn,
And taſte the ſimple joy of rural ſcenes.
What, am I then alone! millions around,
Of various beings, ſwarm the grove, and ſpread
The graſſy hillock, ſkim the mantling ſtream,

Partake

Partake the boon the God of nature ſheds
On fair creation, and they all rejoice
In his beneficence, expreſs his praiſe.
All nature's big with life, earth, air, and ſea
With beings teem; gradations infinite
Of ſize and ſpecies, in each element.
Perhaps there's fiſh to whom a ſprat's a whale;
Inſects as ſmall to mites, as mites to men,
To whom a Millet-ſeed may be a globe,
Proportionate, as large as this to man*.

Now

* That this conjecture may ſeem the leſs ſtrange and chimerical, I have made the following extracts.

There is ſcarce a ſingle humour in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our glaſſes do not diſcover myriads of living creatures.—The ſurface of animals is alſo covered with other animals, which are in the ſame manner the baſis of other animals, that live upon it; nay, we find in the moſt ſolid bodies, as in the marble itſelf, innumerable cells and cavities that are crouded with ſuch imperceptible inhabitants, as are too little for the naked eye to diſcover.

The whole chaſm of nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with divers kinds of creatures, riſing one over another, by ſuch a gentle and eaſy aſcent, that the little tranſitions and deviations from one ſpecies to another, are almoſt inſenſible.

ADDISON.

Mr. Leeuwenhock ſays, that in rain water which had ſtood ſome days, he diſcovered innumerable animalcules, many thouſand of times leſs than a grain of ſand, and in proportion to a *Mite* as a *Bee* is to a *Horſe*.

The ſmalleſt living creatures yet known, are the animalcules in fluids; whereof many kinds have been diſcovered by the Microſcope, of ſuch an exceeding minuteneſs, that a million of them would not equal the bigneſs of a large grain of ſand; and it is probable, there may be numberleſs ſpecies

Now drowſy citizens begin to riſe,
Ope wide the ſhop, expoſe their tinſel wares;
The ribband curious wrought, th' embroider'd ſilk,
To attract the paſſing croud; now various ſchemes,
Planned in the zenith of old night's domain,
To accumulate the pelf of golden ore,
Or right or wrong, or honeſt, or unjuſt.
With unrelenting ardour are purſued.
The knaviſh dealer, BROKER, BULL, or BEAR.
Law is his *goſpel*; lawyers are his prieſts--
Proteus like, transform'd to ev'ry ſhape,
The likeneſs of a ſaint as near aſſumes
As Satan does the angels *form*, and *light*.
Moroſe or placid, arrogant or meek--
The place of ſenſe effrontery ſupplies;
Of reaſon, of religion honeſty;
Conſcience is baniſh'd when ſhe can't approve,
The petty fogger then ſupplies her place;
The cauſe his buſineſs, if, or wright or wrong,
To plead, maintain, his client pays the ſcore;

---

cies of a ſize much leſs than theſe. It is alſo likely, that there are as many or even more kinds of theſe *inviſibles*, (if I may uſe the term) than of thoſe whoſe ſize is diſcernable by the naked eye.

BAKER's Employment for the MICROSCOPE.

Baſe int'reſt is his guide, yea 'tis his god,
He worſhips her; Indians adore the ſun;
The Indian's ignorant, but he's a knave;
Foments contention, blows it to a flame,
Then keeps it living by the quirks of law.

† Deſcanting on the vices of the times,
A trade moſt infamous muſt not eſcape
My juſteſt cenſure---Negro traffick, vile!
The wide extended coaſt of Africa's
Patrol'd by monſters, *Chriſtian* cannibals,
The natives quarrels to perpetuate,
On either ſide their toys to truck for men.
When Afric's flames of war but languid blaze,
Nor hopes of ſudden freight their minds elate,
European, *Chriſtian* policy, ſupplies
Freſh fuel, throws it on the dying fire.
O what a ſight!---ſee! human beings rang'd,
Expos'd to ſale, as horſes at a fair;
Creolan ſaleſmen exerciſe the whip,
Or make them run, or walk, or ſhew their teeth;
The bargain ſtruck, they're doom'd to ſlavery,

† See the end of the Poem.

To proud, deſpotic planters, men devoid
Of ev'ry right to rule, but power uſurp'd---
Of ſocial virtues, all humanity,
To virtue dead, alive to ev'ry vice,
Reduc'd by luxury to walking ghoſts---
Of men but ſhadows, or the imps of ***;
The cruel tyrants take the man for beaſt;
As ſuch he's us'd, if different, 'tis worſe.
One Lord, in power, in wiſdom, infinite,
Of one blood all the diff'rent nations made---
All, claim relation equal to the ſource---
The common father of the human race---
The common parent's gracious unto all;
Nor hue, nor clime, nor wealth, degree, nor power,
Dominion gives, a *brother* to inthrall.
Brethren we are, from pole to pole, o'erſpread
The *ant-hill* ſurface of this little globe,
And here we ought, in amity, to creep,
Till wiſdom infinite ſhall ſummons hence---
Strip off our clay and mount us 'bove the world.
Slave! human nature ſcorns the abject name;
Apply it rightly, ſtamp it on the beaſt;
The beaſt's to bear it, and that's Heaven's decree;
His courſe invert! thou vain, preſumptuous worm;

His laws and natures violate! high treaſon!
God will avenge the cauſe of the oppreſs'd.

O Europe! Chriſtendom! what is a NAME!
Compare this traffick with the Chriſtian law,
A law, worthy indeed of God to give,
Man to obey---hear! *even as thou would*
Be done unto, ſo, unto others do.
Recall the C****c t***e, nor vainly dream
Of making converts in a diſtant clime
Where this is known; *the Chriſtians deal in ſlaves!*
What thinks the Indian, what the Muſſulman,
Or what the Heathen? what the ſcatter'd Jews?
The climes idolatrous, of civilliz'd?
Firſt proſelyte the infidels at home---
Firſt cruel ſons inſtruct in that grand law,
Charity, offspring divine, from Heaven gave,
In goodneſs gave, the rugged nature of
The man to ſmooth, to perfect human kind
This is neglected; why? baſe int'reſt reigns.

See! many riſe in pomp, add houſe to houſe,
Eſtate unto eſtate on rent rolls add
By mere deceit, o'er reaching, private frauds---
Oppreſſions gain their ſwelling coffers fill.

See! proud *Glorio* rolls along in ſtate,
Cloſe at his heels a pompous equipage;
Giant in power---in virtue but a dwarf:
Amongſt the gaping throng, where'er he goes
He ſcatters terror with indignant glance;
Like Leviathans, in the northern ſeas,
Preys on his fellow creatures; he devours
The widow and the orphan---lo! his pride,
Leagu'd with his power, ſtalks lordly through the land.
See! the induſtrious tradeſman haunts his porch,
Beſeeching payment of an ancient debt---
With ſuppliant knee he begs---but for his due,
Unheard, unnotic'd begs---but begs in vain.
Pufft up with pride---with th' empty dignity
Of ſounding titles---down the putrid ſtream
Of luxury he ſwims, along the vale
To *vaſt* eternity; yet, unperceives
The quick ſucceſſion of protuding hours,
Frail nature urging, onward to the brink
Of that tremendous precipice of death.
All his old follies gather ſtrength from age,
And each new wrinkle brings a new deſire.
Beloved ****, and a vile romance,

In deep oblivion bury thoughts of *death*.
O! what a ſight! behold the *youthful laſt*,
Freſh, blooming ſtill upon the hoary head,
Whoſe dim eyes ſunk, muſt ſoon for ever cloſe
To all tereſtrial glory---all its bliſs---
The pomp of courts---the glitter of a *ball*---
Deluſive pleaſures and the feaſts of *ſenſe*!
O! fooliſh *Glorio*! when wilt thou be wiſe---
Correct thy errors, and prepare to DIE.

Of thoſe who live in ſtate, in chariots loll,
Half-drown'd in luxury, and drunk with pride,
How many now, (conſcience recall'd) muſt bluſh
To trace their labour'd ſteps back to the vale
Of penury; or, to review the means
By which they climb'd the ſlipp'ry mount of wealth:
Th' ideal ghoſts of orphans, widows, poor
Laborious mechanics they've oppreſs'd,
Would then appear in view, in every place,
Whilſt living, haunt them, in the hour of death,
The ſoul itſelf would ſhudder with deſpair,
And trembling, drop into the deep abyſs,
Where's weeping, wailing, knaſhing of the teeth.

Where

Where is the honeſt, where's th' ingenuous man,
Who ſquares his actions by the *golden rule*,
Whoſe heart is free from ev'ry paltry bribe;
Ev'ry oppreſſive means of gain deſpiſe,
And make his fellow creatures' caſe his own?
* " The world's all title page, there's no contents;
" The world's all face, the man who ſhews his heart
" Is whooted for his nudities and ſcorn'd."
Why, here and there we ſee one 'mongſt the croud,
Like glow-worms ſcatter'd o'er the parched ſtuff,
Or in the thicket blazing as a ſtar;
Nor wonder, then, the honeſt and the brave,
The man that's juſt beyond a point of law,
The world writes on his forehead fool or mad;
He's an exception 'gainſt TOO GENERAL RULES.

Methinks, on wings of contemplation rais'd,
I have now a proſpect of the buſy world,
See multitudes with multitudes commix'd;
Towards th' enchanted golden mount they preſs,
With furious ardor---how they force their way,
Run o'er the widows, puſh the orphans down;

* YOUNG's Night Thoughts.

See! tender Virtue's almoſt preſs'd to death;
She cries aloud, but who regards her cry?
What mingled plaints approach the ear divine—
From the oppreſſed! real plaints aſcend—
From the oppreſſor's hypocritic forms,
To blind his neighbour, and effect his end.
See! father 'gainſt his ſon, and, in his turn,
The ſon againſt his father; and the brother,
By int'reſt blinded, ſtrives to cheat his brother.
Nor only ſocial bonds, the ſtronger tye
Of relative affection, is diſſolved;
* The torrent of mere mercenary thoughts
Have drowned love; have ſympathy repreſs'd.
Lo! one for one his private int'reſt ſeeks;
Religion, truth, all that is ſacred too
Is call'd upon to cloak the fouleſt ſchemes,
And vouch the purity of hypocrites;
The tinſel ſhrine of INT'REST is ador'd:
Some of the r******t***e, C*n***c claſs,
Lay proſtrate at her feet, they beg her aid
To guide them to a benefice; to crown
Their learned heads with m*****, and to clothe

* Witneſs the numerous ſuits proſecuted againſt near relations in our courts.

Their

Their nakedneſs and poverty in lawn.
O how my ſoul's convuls'd, to view from hence
The various means of craft, chicanery,
Which various men, their various ends to gain,
Adopt, yea conſecrate, beneath the cloak
Of truth, religion, honour, public good.

See! what a hideous monſter yonder ſtruts,
Goliath's ſize---MONOPOLY by name---
Stalks ghaſtly 'mongſt the throng, his rolling eyes
Flaſh baneful avarice at ev'ry glance,
At ev'ry ſtep wide devaſtation ſpreads!
Pale, meagre FAMINE, follow'ng at his heels;
No ſeed of virtue's living in his ſoul,
Meek ſympathy, benevolence and truth---
The common feelings of humanity
Are baniſh'd---Int'reſt's baſe, mere ſelfiſh laws,
Guides ev'ry ſtep, and ev'ry act inſpires.
See! in his hand a cruel ſcythe he holds,
Now ſweeps it 'mongſt the *pigmy* multitude,
Deſtruction's dealt around at every ſweep,
And thouſands fall faſt by his pond'rous ſide;
See! thunder-ſtruck the gaping throng aghaſt,
Stand trembling---boldly he defies the world,

And glories in his conqueſts---where's the youth
By virtue ſtrength'ned, and by wiſdom taught,
Dare now ſtep forth, and give the monſter fight.
Yon legiſlature has him in his eye---
The monſter huge *Monopoly*, purſues;
His coward heart already quakes for fear,
See paleneſs gathers on the *giant's* brow,
Whilſt ev'ry *Iſraelite* exulting, ſhouts.

Hear, all ye wordlings! hear, ye men of PREY!
Of every name, of every place and trade,
Who eat, and then in vain attempt to hide,
Th' omniſcient God explores your very ſouls
Through all the trappings of a pompous ſhew,
Or painted garbs of vile hypocriſy;
Nor, is unſeen the deepeſt, dark receſs,
Or ſchemes in embryo concealed there.

Come, all ye knaves, come, ſummons all your art,
Take to your nitre, waſh yourſelves with ſoap;
Try all expedients ſophiſtry affords,
Or ſyllogiſms logic can produce,
Your ſins are ſeen, iniquities are mark'd;
Omniſcience, nor only what you ſeem,

But

But what you really are, his eye beholds!
To flee his preſence whither will ye go?
Aſcend to Heaven, lo! a God is there;
Or to the depths deſcend, a God is there;
Or to the ocean's bounds---he's every where;
The darkneſs and the light's the ſame to him.

Hear, all ye worldlings---hear, ye men of prey---
Nor think you there's a God, hereafter too?
Nor think yon e'er of judgment after death?
You know, you feel thoſe poignant, ſolemn truths;
Awake they haunt you---haunt nocturnal dreams,
Tread on your heels, and whiſper on your ears;
E'en at the banquet houſe ſometimes 'tis heard---
A *hand is ſeen to write*, as *on the wall*,
When mirth and jollitry reigns noiſy round,
You would eface it, would expel the thoughts,
Flee their conviction, fain elude their force,
Or, like a Felix, beg them to depart;
Yet, ſtill they haunt you---would you lay the ghoſts,
Repent, amend, they'll vaniſh and be gone.
Be wiſe; conſider; live as man ought live;
Correct your errors---peace will then attend.

Come

Come ye, the gleanings of a guilty land,
Whoe'er you are, or wherefoe'er you dwell,
(The friends to real truth, the friends of man)
Untainted yet with vices popular,
Who walk, in innocence, the paths of peace---
Are ſtrangers to the pleaſure and the pain
The vicious multitude enjoy, and rue;
May I be your companion through the vale
Of preſent life, and yours in future too,
When this frail body bore down with diſeaſe,
Shall to its center drop, a ghaſtly corpſe,
And ſome kind friend turn up the turf, and hide
My putrid carcaſe in the ſilent grave,
To lay and rot amongſt the ancient dead;
O! what a chill the thought ſends thro' my blood!

The *libertine*, be his to ſneer at God,
Deride his providence, deny his laws---
Curſe Virtue when he meets her in the ſtreet;
Invention torture, rack his very brains
T' invent diverſions for his guilty ſoul,
And 'bate the force of *conſtitutions* fears,
He'll find they are wove into his very ſoul.
Be yours, as beings rational and free,

To

To contemplate the man, explore yourſelves;
To contemplate the deity; to read
His wiſdom, power, in th' objects all around;
Adore him, fear him, and obſerve his law---
His laws---the grand palladium of our bliſs,
The ruling principle in nature's ſcenes,
Ought be the ruling principles of man.
But where to read his law? they're wrote within;
Nor need we ranſack the huge tow'ring pile
Of mighty volumes to find out his law---
Reſpecting man, a being rational;
In our own breaſts, in the fair open page
Of conſcience they are wrote, there we ſhould read.
What matter then tho' infidels may laugh,
Or the licentious puff an empty blaſt
Of fouleſt ridicule, ſarcaſtic ſleers,
And paſſing hiſs you, 'tis beneath the man,
By virtue crown'd with her triumphant wreath,
To fear the idle cenſures of the world.
Immanuel ſuſtain'd the CRUCIFY;
Upon his head they plac'd a crown of thorns:
Be yours to learn of him; forgive the wrong;
Pray even for your enemies---o'ercome
The malice, pride, and envy of the world,

By *meekneſs*, *patience*, *faith and charity*.
The Chriſtians weapons theſe, his armour too,
His breaſt-plate and his ſhield impregnable;
A meek forbearance's better than revenge.
The means to help ourſelves, reform the man,
By paſſion overcome---our enemy.
If juſt, the cenſure; then remove the cauſe,
Correct thy errors; if unjuſt, increaſe
Thy watchfulneſs; be more upon thy guard
In every ſtep; aſſert thy innocence,
And let thy conduct give report the lie;
Defeat th' intent of every enemy,
The craft of knaves, and ignorance of fools
† By injuries we even may improve!

The

† As wind and thunder when they trouble the air do withal purge it; whereas a long calm, doth diſpoſe it to putrefaction: or as the ſame whetſtone that takes away from a weapon, doth likewiſe ſharpen it, ſo a wiſe man can make uſe of the detraction of an enemy to grow brighter and better by it. And therefore when Cato adviſed, that Carthage ſhould be utterly deſtroyed, *Scipio Naſcica* perſuaded the contrary, on theſe reaſons, that it was needful for Rome to have always ſome enemies, which by a kind of *antiperiſtatis*, might ſtrengthen and keep alive its virtue, which otherwiſe by ſecurity, might be in danger of languiſhing, and degenerate into luxury.

REYNOLDS on the PASSIONS.

A groundleſs diſlike, or hatred—the epigrammatiſt hath wittily expreſſed:

Non amo te ſabibi, nec poſſum dicere quare,
Hoc tantum poſſum dicere, non amo te——— MARTIAL.

I love thee not, yet cannot ſay for what,
This only I can ſay, I love thee not.

REYNOLDS, Page 120.

The

The day of trial is the teſt of faith!
Theſe are occaſions to call forth to view,
The latent Chriſtian virtues in the ſoul,
And give a ſtriking proof of virtue's pow'r;
As men, acquit yourſelves---you're in the *field*,
Time is the day of battle, urge the fight;
Within, without your enemies in arms;
Man's greateſt enemies are in his houſe,
And in his houſe appears his greateſt friend;
If any man is tempted, 'tis by luſts,
If any man is ſaved, *'tis by grace*,
And this ſalvation *hath appear'd to all.*

Remember life's a ſcene probationate,
Afflictions various await us here;
The alternates of health, diſeaſe and pain,
Viciſſitudes of day, of night, of heat,
Of cold, of ſummer, winter, alternates
Fill up our time, uncertain too, what in
Th' approaching moment---life or ſudden death!

The Mexicans welcome their children into the world, with this ſalutation. —Child thou art come into this world to ſuffer, take it patiently and hold thy peace. CHARRON ON WISDOM.

One of the ancients being told he had many enemies who ſpoke ill of him, 'tis no matter ſays he, I'll live ſo that nobody ſhall believe them.

The

The cup of pleaſure's mingled with the gall
Of diſappointment; pain and pale diſeaſe
Of ev'ry rank and age, degree in life,
None here exempt, the *Wormwood*'s dealt to all.
The life of man is like a nat'ral day;
The ſun of happineſs is often hid
Behind a cloud of vapours from the earth.
O! for thoſe purer realms, manſions divine!
Nor ſun, nor moon, nor ſtars are wanted there;
Refulgent lights, to which th' unclouded ſun
In full meridian glory is opaque,
Where God, the Lamb, at once are light and joy,
And conſtitute an everlaſting day---
Now adverſe gales, now proſperous attend,
We're now elated, then again depreſs'd,
Like ſhips at ſea; we, in the ſtorm of life,
Now are uplift high on the mountain waves,
Deſcending ſwiftly, then the yawning gulf,
The hull's immerg'd, the labouring veſſel heaves,
Th' affrighted pilot laſhes to the helm;
Addreſſes him *who walks on wings* of wind,
Whoſe chariots are the clouds, to ſtill the waves;
(Invoked in the *ſtorm*, in calms forgot)
Rough, ſtrong, keen, loud tho' Boreas may blow,

A dreary

A dreary, ſtormy blaſt, low'ring and black,
The clouds may gather, from the Eaſt may dart,
Bright coruſcations, or the thunder roll
From pole to pole terrifick, torrents pour
From clouds capacious, waves with fury foam,
'Tis God Almighty ruleth in the ſtorm;
Nor murmur then, ſubmit, yea *kiſs the rod*,
A moment bear diſcordant elements---
Bear nature's claſh, the din will ſoon be o'er,
And then enſues an everlaſting calm---
But O! how hard to human nature, in the hour
When ſhe aghaſt ſeems trembling on the verge
Of vaſt eternity, to caſt the eye
Towards the Lord of Heaven, earth and ſea,
Of all creation---*ſay thy will be done*---
O! for *a tabernacle on the mount*---
But human nature ſhudders at theſe thoughts,
The *Garden*---Calvary, and Golgotha.

The honeſt, virtuous man, has nought to fear,
Or in life's vale, or in the vale of death;
Before a tyrant, even on the rack,
His nature ſhrinks, his conſcience wears a ſmile,
The paltry acts of torture with diſdain
Looks down upon---Endures the moment ſtrife

Of human frailty, with diſeaſe's rage;
His cauſe refers to God, and in the hour
Of fell excruciating pangs of death,
Supports a dignity becoming man *.
He, meets the King of Terrors with a ſmile---
He, welcomes him, as a redeeming *angel*,
By heaven ſent to call to *perfect day*,
To perfect liberty and happineſs.
To break the heavy fetters of this clay,
Incruſting thick th' inhabitant within,
To looſe her from captivity, to range
In ſpheres celeſtial, permanent above,
T'aſcend that holy, fair, celeſtial mount,
The habitation of celeſtial ſouls,
With them to feaſt, enraptur'd, who ſurround
The awful throne---who proſtrate in the blaze
Of his refulgent glory---ever live,
To ſing the Hallelujah's---themes divine!

---

* The man reſolv'd, and ſteady to his truſt,
Inflexible to ill, and obſtinately juſt,
May the rude rabble's inſolence deſpiſe,
Their ſenſeleſs clamours, and tumultuous cries.
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confuſion hurl'd,
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt the falling world.

Chap. 3. p. 43.

The

The honeſt, virtuous man, hath nought to fear;
He bears about a heaven in his ſoul,
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone,
With her communes, without a ſickly pale,
Nor feels his blood run trembling to its ſource,
And knows her teſtimony's on his ſide---
Confides in God---hath hope, nor feareth man.

Would'ſt thou be happy here, hereafter too;
Would'ſt thou be wiſe, be rich, be full, be ſafe?
Unmoved hear the praiſe, and ſcorn of man;
Unmoved ſee him ſmile, or ſee him frown;
Nor praiſe nor obloquy take for thy rule
Through life to ſteer; within thou haſt a guide;
A faithful monitor---a truſty friend:
Make Conſcience, then, thy teſt; aſk her report
Of all that's paſt; ſhe'll faithfully report;
She will not flatter, nor ſhe cannot lie;
What friend's beſide ſo perfect found at core,
What friend ſo wiſe, ſo honeſt, ſo ſincere,
To ſpeak the truth, the whole, nor more nor leſs?
How loth are friends to probe the wounds of friends!
The wounds of friends how apt we are to heal
Deceitfully---t' extenuate their guilt.

The

Where is the man impartial to his friend
In ev'ry caſe, or to his enemy?
Affection's biaſs on the judgment hung,
Inclines the ſcale in favour of the man
At once we wiſh to ſerve and pleaſure too.
That taſk how difficult to execute!
Truſt not in man---*Vain is the help of man*,
Tho' honour'd with a robe, a wand, or ſtaff,
A title, coronet, or blazing ſtar,
Surrounded with a numerous, cringing train
Of fawning ſycophants, at *core* decay'd;
He'll bleſs and c----, as intereſt may urge.
The titled dignified; they are but men;
They're incident to pain, diſeaſe, and death---
Death preſſes through the herd of hangers on,
Above, e'en ceremonies of a court,
Paſs by the page, the lord in waiting, and
Invalidates the plea of *privilege*,
Arreſts the peer, deep ſinks the fatal dart;
In vain ſagacious SMITH, that favour'd ſon
Of Hipp'crates preſcribes; alas! he dies.
Above there's no diſtinction made between
The peaſant and the prince; there titles drop---
Nor in the grave beneath---th' inhabitants

Of

Of dreary, gloomy manſions of the dead
Know no diſtinction; mercileſs to all,
They prey upon the MONARCH and the *Slave.*

Truſt not to man, he's like a broken reed,
Nor lean thereon, 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
Oft make a pauſe amid'ſt tumultuous life,
And feel the *pulſe of Conſcience*, how it *beats*;
And oft withdraw from all the noiſy world
To Solitude's inſtructive, pleaſing vale;
Walk ſilent, penſive there---there, ruminate,
On paſt occurrences---there trace the ſpring
Of ev'ry action, and, explore thy ſelf.
In night's zenith, when thou art reclin'd
On downy plumes, forget th' alluring toys---
All glittering objects, tranſitory, vain,
When on thy bed---*with thy own heart commune!*
Be thine, to act the open, honeſt man,
(Nor take th' advantage mere contingence gives,
In mid'ſt of plenty to proclaim a dearth,
T'ingroſs, monopolize, ſend through the land
The ghoſt of Famine, or diſtreſs the poor,
Increaſe their wants, and prey upon their fears).

The honeſt, humble man's deſires are few,
And therefore few his wants, kind providence
Has put within his reach, thoſe few, for him:
The wants of nature are but few, 'tis PRIDE
Increaſes them almoſt to INFINITE---
Pride, ſends us o'er the globe from pole to pole,
To rake the mines of Peru---to import
The tinſels of the Indies---'Tis our pride
That ſwells enormouſly the heart's deſires
For mere terreſtrial ſuperfluities;
Mere ſuperfluities, not worth a wiſh;
They are but trifles, vain, ſublunary.
To act as children's ſeemly in a child,
Toys are adapted to infantile years;
To act as children, and to play with toys
Diſgraces manhood---Superfluities
Divert th'attention from important truths,
Subjects ſublime, adapt to Reaſon's eye.
Diſtract our thoughts, plague even whilſt they pleaſe.

Nor let me now, deſcanting on the Times---
Whilſt pointing out the vices of the age;
In blackeſt ſhades painting the ſenſualiſt,
Laſhing the hypocrite, that *formal ſhrew*,

A Churchill

A Churchill like *, *too rapid in my ſong*
To make exceptions as I go along.
Forget t' applaud, where 'plauſe is juſtly due,
I rev'rence merit whereſoe'er ſhe dwells,
Or in a manſion, or the rural cot,
The good I honour, but I hate the knave;
Not hate the man, his vices 'tis I hate:
Though low indeed---exceeding low the cauſe
Of true religion---yet of every claſs
Of clergy, laity---rulers, and the rul'd,
There are a few, who, bound to virtue's cauſe,
Are friends of truth, of reaſon, and of man;
There are, and may their number ſtill increaſe,
Men, who deſerve to rule, to be obey'd,
As conſtellations deck the azure ſky,
(Their brilliant virtues) grace the church and ſtate:
Come then, ye virt'us, let's forget *a name*---
Let's cloſe unite in virtue's ſacred cauſe,
And make a ſtand againſt licentiouſneſs.
On that fair, firm, that everlaſting ground,
Charity‡! *tongues*, *prophecies*, will ceaſe;
Charity, never fails, it is the ſoul
Of all religion, worſhip---'tis the ſoul,

* CHURCHILL. ‡ COR. 14, 8.

Th' inſpiring

Th' inſpiring ſoul of Heaven's holy ſong,
Accentuates the hallelujah there.

O! thou Almighty Being, pierce my ſoul,
Lay bare my heart, preſent it to my view,
Nor let me blind to ſelf, indulge one vice,
My pen is drawn to cenſure in the world.
Lord! let a reverential awe poſſeſs
The inmoſt, deep receſſes of my ſoul;
O! light up there, a pure, a holy flame,
Purge off the dregs of ev'ry ſecret thought,
And every ſin in embryo conſume:
Nor let me only ſee the *ſecret fault*
Deep rooted in the mental ground within,
But e're it *peeps* in act, O! lay thine hand
Upon it, tho' in judgment; extirpate
The root of evil from my very ſoul.
Methinks, this moment, laſhing bold the age,
My imperfections ſtare me in the face;
The latent weakneſs hid from mortal eye,
In full view riſe---ah what a humbling ſight!
O truth, thy kindneſs calls for loudeſt praiſe!
Nor, let thy mercy unimprov'd eſcape,
Or, like a ſhadow in a moment flee;

What

What, man ought be, that, let me ſtrive to be;
And honour human nature; honour thee;
Write then my errors on my very heart,
As with a pen of iron 'grave them there,
Until reform'd; let mercy then expunge
The dread hand-writing, and forget my ſins.
Nor, let a vain, deluded, empty world's
Harſh cenſure, nor, its frothy ſounding praiſe,
Awake my fears; light up hope's lamp, or warp
The virtuous purpoſe of my cool reſolve,
To follow *Truth* wherever ſhe may lead;
May thou, but O! I ſhudder at the thought,
The ſpirit's willing, human nature's weak,
When my laſt awful day ſhall dawn, or in
The bloom of life, meridian, or old age,
Ancient of Days be with me, ſtay my mind
In humble truſt, and confidence in thee,
The darkſome, dreary valley to illume!
When pale diſeaſe, exulting on my brow,
Shall mock the feeble power of medicine,
And death's cold ſweat ſhall trickle down my face,

Bear up my ſoul with thy Almighty pow'r
O'er death, the grave and hell, to triumph then,
In hope of bleſſed immortality---
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